

Gentle Giant

"Peel Off The Paint"

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Free from the start -
Left to depart -
Finding the pleasure and the pain in his art.
Lost in the hush -
No need to rush -
Time waits for him, him who creates with the
brush.
Colour the brush.
High in the air -
His dreams are there -
Searching for answers he will look everywhere.
Thinks he has won -
A place in the sun
Free from the worries and the ways of everyone.
Peel the paint
Look underneath
You'll see the same, the same old savage beast.
Strip the coats
The coats of time
And find mad eyes and see those sharpened
teeth.
Nothing's been learned -
No nothing at all.
Don't be fooled, get up before you fall.
Carnal grave
Crawling smooth
Open flesh and you must let him in.
Glass reflects
What you are
It shows the face, the evil face of sin.

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